

The Alan Parsons Project

"Mr. Time"

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Stealing a moment from Mr.Time
He rocks in his chair like a shiny dime
But it's all for show, all for show
Wearing your name and a number or two
When the minute's up so are you
But everybody knows, everybody knows

Watching the hour from the light in his eyes
He waits for your soul to come in from the sky
But it's lost below, lost below
Turning the wheel of your destiny round
When the motion stops no more sounds
Does anybody care, anybody care

Where's the man? Where's the child?
Wrapped together side by side
Who can tell you what to do?
When Mr.Time has come for you
See the truth, hear the lies
An' there be no compromise
Who can tell you what they knew?
When Mr.Time has come for you
When Mr.Time has come for you

Is it a feeling or deja vu?
When he points his finger callin' you
Is it illusion? Just an illusion
Pickin' up seconds that fall to his feet
He blows them away as he rocks in his seat
Cool as his smile, his smile

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Who can tell you what they knew?
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